

Souvenir Song Book Commemorating the Forty Fifth Anniversary of
the Graduation of the Flying School Class of Forty-A
United States Army Air Corps

September 5-8, 1985, Colorado Springs, CO

Compiled and Edited by David W. Hassemer and Wilson T. Jones

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SOUVENIR SONG BOOK COMMEMORATING
THE FORTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE GRADUATION OF
THE FLYING SCHOOL CLASS OF FORTY-A
UNITED STATES ARMY AIR CORPS

1940



1985

SEPTEMBER 5-8, 1985
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

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DAVID W. HASSEMER AND WILSON T. JONES

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WHIFFENPOOF SONG

-1-

TO THE TABLES DOWN AT MORY'S,
TO THE PLACE WHERE LOUIE DWELLS,
TO THE DEAR OLD TEMPLE BAR
WE LOVE SO WELL.
SING THE WHIFFENPOOFS ASSEMBLED,
WITH THEIR GLASSES RAISED ON HIGH,
AND THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
CASTS A SPELL.
YES, THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING
OF THE SONGS WE LOVE SO WELL,
"SHALL I WASTIN' " AND "MAVOURNEEN"
AND THE REST.
WE WILL SERENADE OUR LOUIE
WHILE LIFE AND LOVE SHALL LAST.
THEN WE'LL PASS AND BE FORGOTTEN
WITH THE REST.

WE'RE POOR LITTLE LAMBS,
WHO HAVE LOST OUR WAY.
BAA, BAA, BAA, --
WE'RE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP,
WHO HAVE GONE ASTRAY,
BAA, BAA, BAA, --
GENTLEMAN FLYERS OFF ON A SPREE,
DOOMED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY,
LORD HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WE,
BAA, BAA, BAA, --.

OLD BEER BOTTLE

(Tune-Springtime in the Rockies)

IT WAS ONLY AN OLD BEER BOTTLE
FLOATING ON THE FOAM.
IT WAS ONLY AN OLD BEER BOTTLE
TEN THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME.
INSIDE WAS A PIECE OF PAPER
WITH THESE WORDS WRITTEN ON,
"WHOEVER FINDS THIS BOTTLE,
WILL FIND THE BEER ALL GONE."

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

I SAID A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN,
IS LIKE A SHIP WITHOUT A SAIL,
IS LIKE A BOAT WITHOUT A RUDDER,
LIKE A KITE WITHOUT A TAIL.
I SAID A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN
IS LIKE A SHIPWRECK ON THE SAND.
BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING WORSE
IN THIS UNIVERSE,
IT'S A WOMAN, I SAID A WOMAN,
I MEAN A WOMAN, WITHOUT A MAN.

FOR YOU CAN ROLL A SILVER DOLLAR
DOWN ALONG THE GROUND,
AND IT WILL RO-O-OLL, 'CAUSE IT'S ROU-OU-OUND.
AND A WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT A GOOD MAN SHE'S GOT,
UNTIL SHE LETS HIM DOWN.
NOW LISTEN HONEY, HONEY LISTEN TO ME,
I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND.
THAT A SILVER DOLLAR GOES
FROM HAND TO HAND,
WHILE A WOMAN GOES FROM MAN TO MAN (IN A TAXI)
A WOMAN GOES FROM MAN TO MAN.

BLESS THEM ALL

BLESS THEM ALL, BLESS THEM ALL
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL.
BLESS ALL THE BLONDIES AND ALL THE BRUNETTES,
EACH AIRMAN'S HAPPY TO TAKE WHAT HE GETS.
SO WE'RE GIVING THE EYE TO THEM ALL,
TO THOSE WHO ATTRACT AND APPALL.
EACH SALLY AND SUSIE,
YOU CAN'T BE TOO CHOOSEY,
SO CHEER UP MY LADS, BLESS THEM ALL.

(Continued Next Page)

BLESS THEM ALL (Cont.)

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BLESS THEM ALL, BLESS THEM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL.
BLESS ALL THE SERGEANTS AND W-O ONES
BLESS ALL THE CORPORALS AND THEIR BLINKIN' SONS
SO WE'RE SAYING GOODBYE TO THEM ALL,
AS BACK TO OUR BILLETTS WE CRAWL.
THERE'LL BE NO PROMOTIONS
THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN,
SO CHEER UP MY LADS BLESS THEM ALL.

WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW

WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW
BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO,
BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO, MY HONEY
BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO.
AND WHEN WE'RE MARRIED
HAPPY WE'LL BE,
UNDER THE BAMBOO
UNDERNEATH THE BAMBOO TREE.

IF - YOU'LL - BE - M-I-N-E MINE
I'LL BE T-H-I-N-E THINE.
AND I'LL L-O-V-E LOVE YOU
ALL THE T-I-M-E TIME.
YOU ARE THE B-E-S-T BEST
OF ALL THE R-E-S-T REST,
AND I'll LOVE YOU, LOVE YOU, LOVE YOU
ALL - THE - T-I-M-E TIME
(RACK - EM - UP, SHACK - EM - UP, ANY OLD TIME)

THATS WHERE MY MONEY GOES,
TO BUY MY BABY CLOTHES
DIAMOND RINGS AND EVERYTHING
TO KEEP HER IN STYLE.
SHE DRIVES MY FORD MACHINE
I BUY THE GASOLINE.
SAY BOYS! THATS WHERE MY MONEY GOES.

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE - JOLLY, JOLLY SIXPENCE
I'VE GOT SIXPENCE - TO LAST ME ALL MY LIFE.
I'VE GOT TUPPENCE TO SPEND, TUPPENCE TO LEND,
AND TUPPENCE TO SEND HOME TO MY WIFE. (DEAR WIFE)

CHORUS

NO CARES HAVE I TO GRIEVE ME,
NO PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS TO DECEIVE ME.
HAPPY AS A KING BELIEVE ME,
AS WE GO ROLLING, ROLLING HOME.
ROLLING HOME, ROLLING HOME
BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY M-O-O-ON,
HAPPY IS THE DAY,
WHEN THE AIRMAN GETS HIS PAY,
AS WE GO ROLLING, ROLLING HOME--DEAD DRUNK.

I'VE GOT FOURPENCE, JOLLY, JOLLY FOURPENCE,
I'VE GOT FOURPENCE TO LAST ME ALL MY LIFE.
I'VE GOT TUPPENCE TO SPEND, TUPPENCE TO LEND
AND NO PENCE TO SEND HOME TO MY WIFE. (POOR WIFE)

CHORUS

I'VE GOT TWOPENCE---ETC.

CHORUS

I'VE GOT NO PENCE---ETC. AND CHORUS

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT
(Tune- Battle Hymn of the Republic)
BY THE RING AROUND HIS EYEBALL,
YOU CAN TELL A BOMBARDIER.
YOU CAN TELL A BOMBER PILOT
BY THE SPREAD ACROSS HIS REAR.
YOU CAN TELL A NAVIGATOR
BY HIS SEXTANTS, MAPS AND SUCH.
YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT,
BUT YOU CANNOT TELL HIM MUCH.

AXTA
(Tune)

T'WA
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PRAY

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AND
HE H
SIRS
GET

THEY
FROM
AND
AND
AXT

AXTATER'S FLIGHT

(Tune-Abdul the Bul Bul Ameer)

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T'WAS A WARM SUMMERS NIGHT,
ALL THE STARS SHONE SO BRIGHT,
AND THE SOUTH WIND CAME FLOWING UP THE BLUE.
WITH HIS MAP IN HIS HAND OF THE TRIP HE HAD PLANNED,
AXTATER WENT TO HIS BC-ONE.

THERE WAS A TEAR IN HIS EYE
AS HE TOOK TO THE SKY.
FOR HIS WAY HE KNEW HE'D NEVER FIND,
AND THE THOUGHT OF THE NOISE, THAT HE'D HEAR FROM THE BOYS,
HAUNTED HIS POOR TROUBLED MIND.

OH THE DUDE HUMMED A SONG,
AS HE FLEW HER ALONG,
THE ENGINE JUST PURRED THROUGH THE STACKS.
HE WHISPERED A PRAYER, WAY UP THERE IN THE AIR,
PRAYING HE'D FIND RAILROAD TRACKS.

OH HIS YOUNG HEART STOOD STILL,
AS HE BUZZED O'ER A HILL,
FOR HONDO LAY RIGHT IN HIS FACE.
HE WAS BOUND FOR SEGUIN, SO T'WAS EASILY SEEN,
SOMEHOW HE WAS NOT IN HIS PLACE.

THEN HE PICKED UP HIS PHONE
AND HIS BRAVE HEART WAS STONE,
HE HOLLERED FOR KELLY FIELD TOWER.
SIRS, I CAN'T FIND MY WAY, GUESS I'LL CALL IT A DAY,
GET ME BACK WHERE I OUGHT TO BE.

THEY DIRECTED HIM HOME,
FROM THE COURSE HE HAD FLOWN,
AND HE WOUND UP LANDING DOWN TEE.
AND IN CASE YOU AIN'T HEARD, NOW HE'S GETTING THE BIRD,
AXTATER NE'ER DID FIND SEGUIN.

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THE SOUSE FAMILY

DRUNK LAST NIGHT - DRUNK THE NIGHT BEFORE
GONNA GET DRUNK TONIGHT
LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN DRUNK BEFORE.
'CAUSE WHEN I'M DRUNK
I'M AS HAPPY AS CAN BE,
FOR I AM A MEMBER OF THE SOUSE FAMILY.

NOW THE SOUSE FAMILY - IS THE BEST FAMILY
THAT EVER CAME OVER FROM OLD GERMANY.
THERE'S THE HIGHLAND DUTCH AND THE LOWLAND DUTCH,
THE ROTTERDAM DUTCH AND THE GODDAM DUTCH.
SINGING GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS,
ONE KEG OF BEER FOR THE FOUR OF US.
AND GLORY BE TO GOD
THAT THERE ARE NO MORE OF US,
FOR THE ONE OF US COULD DRINK IT ALL ALONE. (DAMN NEAR)
HERE'S TO THE IRISH, DEAD DRUNK. (THE LUCKY STIFFS)

OH- NOW I AM A KAYDET

Tune-Throw a Nickel on the Drum

I WAS LYING IN THE GUTTER,
ALL COVERED UP WITH BEER.
WITH PRETZELS IN MY WHISKERS,
I KNEW MY END WAS NEAR.
THEN CAME THE GLORIOUS ARMY
AND SAVED ME FROM THE HEARSE.
NOW EVERYBODY STRAIN A GUT,
AND SING ANOTHER VERSE.

CHORUS

SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
THROW A NICKEL ON THE DRUM,
TAKE A QUARTER ON THE RUN.
SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
THROW A NICKEL ON THE DRUM AND YOU'LL BE SAVED

(Continued on Next Page)

OH, NOW I AM A KAYDET(Cont.)

-7-

OH IT'S G - L - O - R - Y
I AM S - A - V - E - D
H - A - P - P - Y
TO BE F - R - DOUBLE - E
V - I - C - T - O - R - Y
FROM THE WAYS OF S - I - N
GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH
TRA - LA - LA AMEN.

NEW CHORUS

SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
THROW A NICKEL ON THE STUMP,
JUST TO SAVE A KAY-DETS RUMP.
SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
THROW A NICKEL ON THE STUMP,
AND YOU'LL BE SAVED.

FOR NOW I AM A KAYDET
A-LEARNIN' HOW TO FLY.
MY GLORIOUS SALVATION
SHALL LIFT ME TO THE SKY.
THE ARMY IS MY SAVIOUR
FROM THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.
THEY PAY ME SEVENTY-FIVE A MONTH
AND TAKE IT ALL AWAY.

ANOTHER NEW CHORUS

SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS
JUST TO SAVE A PILOT'S (---),
SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS
AND YOU' - LL - BE - SAVED.

LITTLE BROWN MOUSE
(Tune- Polly Wolly Doodle)

OH - THE WHISKEY WAS SPILT
ON THE BARROOM FLOOR,
AND THE BAR WAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.
WHEN OUT OF HIS HOLE
CRAWLED THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE
AND HE SAT IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT.

HE - LICKED UP THE LIKKER
ON THE BARROOM FLOOR
AND BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES HE SAT.
AND ALL NIGHT LONG
YOU COULD HEAR HIM SHOUT,
BRING ON THE GODDAM CAT.
HIC - CAT - HIC - CAT.

YOU CAN EASILY SEE

MANY'S THE NIGHT
I SPENT WITH MINNIE THE MERMAID,
DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.
THERE AMONG THE CORALS
MINNIE LOST HER MORALS,
GEE, BUT SHE, WAS AWFULLY GOOD TO ME.

NOW YOU CAN EASILY SEE
SHE'S NOT MY MOTHER,
'CAUSE MY MOTHER'S FORTY NINE.
YOU CAN EASILY SEE
SHE'S NOT MY SISTER,
'CAUSE I WOULDN'T SHOW MY SISTER
SUCH A WONDERFUL TIME.
YOU CAN EASILY SEE
SHE'S NOT MY GIRL FRIEND,
'CAUSE MY GIRL FRIEND'S TOO REFINED.
SHE'S A SWEET LITTLE KID,
SHE DIDN'T TELL WHAT SHE DID.
SHE'S JUST A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME
I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO GO TO BED.
I HAD A LITTLE DRINK ABOUT AN HOUR AGO
AND IT WENT RIGHT TO MY HEAD.
WHEREVER I MAY ROAM,
OVER LAND OR SEA OR FOAM,
YOU CAN ALWAYS HEAR ME SINGING THIS SONG.
SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME.

HOME ME THE WAY TO GO SHOW
I'M BED AND I WANT TO GO TO TIRED.
I HAD A LITTLE HOUR ABOUT A DRINK AGO
AND IT HEAD RIGHT TO MY WENT.
ROAM WHEREVER I MAY
OVER FOAM OR SEA OR LAND,
YOU CAN ALWAYS HEAR ME SONGIN'THS SING.
HOME ME THE WAY TO GO SHOW.

BESIDE A OAHU WATERFALL

BESIDE A OAHU WATERFALL
ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY,
BESIDE HIS SHATTERED KITTYHAWK
THE YOUNG PEASHOOTER LAY.
HIS PARACHUTE HUNG FROM A NEARBY TREE,
HE WAS NOT YET QUITE DEAD.
OH LISTEN TO THE VERY LAST WORDS,
THE YOUNG PEASHOOTER SAID.
"I'M GOING TO A BETTER LAND
WHERE EVERYTHING IS BRIGHT,
WHERE WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEPHONE POLES,
PLAY POKER EVERY NIGHT.
YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORK AT ALL
JUST SIT AROUND AND SING;
AND ALL YOUR CREW ARE WOMEN ---
OH - DEATH - WHERE - IS - THY - STING."

WE WERE THERE

(Tune- The Marine Hymn)

FROM THE SHORES OF ENIWETOK,
TO THE SLOPES OF TAPACHAU.
WE HAVE FOUGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLES
AND WE'LL FIGHT AGAIN RIGHT NOW.
OH THE ARMY, NAVY, AIR CORPS,
ALL WERE PRESENT AT THE SCENE.
BUT THE GUYS THAT GOT THE CREDIT WERE,
THE UNITED STATES MARINES

FROM THE ROCKBOUND COAST OF GARAPAN,
TO CHARON KANOYAS MILL,
THE MARINES JUST BARELY TOOK A BEACH,
AND BY GOD THEY'D BE THERE STILL,
BUT THEY SENT AN AIR CORPS UNIT IN
TO STOP THOSE BANZAI SCREAMS.
FOR WE WERE THE SECRET WEAPON OF
THE UNITED STATES MARINES.

FROM THE FOGS ABOVE THE CHANNEL
TO HIGH O'ER THE MOUNTAIN SNOWS,
WE HAVE FOUGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLE,
WE HAVE SHOT DOWN ALL OUR FOES.
IF THE ARMY, NAVY, AND MARINES
EVER GAIN TO HEAVENS SHORES,
THEY WILL FIND THE ANGELS SLEEPING THERE
WITH THE ARMY'S GR - REAT AIR - CORPS.

NOW IS THE HOUR or THE MAORI FAREWELL

NOW IS THE HOUR, WHEN WE MUST SAY GOODBYE.
SOON YOU'LL BE SAILING FAR ACROSS THE SEA.
WHILE YOU'RE AWAY, OH THEN REMEMBER ME.
WHEN YOU RETURN YOU'LL FIND ME,
WAITING FOR THEE.

I WANTED WINGS

-11-

I WANTED WINGS, 'TIL I GOT THE GODDAM THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE.
THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO FLY
AND THEY SENT ME HERE TO DIE.
I'VE GOT A BELLYFUL OF WAR.
YOU CAN SAVE THOSE ZEROES FOR THE HOT SHOT HEROES,
BUT DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES
WILL NOT COMPENSATE FOR LOSSES, - BUSTER
I WANTED WINGS, 'TIL I GOT THE GODDAM THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANY MORE.

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE, IN A DAMNED OLD P-B-Y.
THAT'S FOR THE EAGER, NOT FOR ME.
I WON'T TRUST TO LUCK, TO BE PICKED UP BY A DUCK,
AFTER I'VE CRASHED INTO THE SEA.
AND I'D RATHER BE A BELLHOP
THAN A FLYER ON A FLATTOP,
WITH MY HAND AROUND A BOTTLE,
NOT AROUND A GRIMY THROTTLE, - BUSTER
I WANTED WINGS, 'TIL I GOT THE GODDAM THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE.

NOW I DON'T CARE TO TOUR, OVER BERLIN OR THE RUHR.
FLAK ALWAYS MAKES ME PARK MY LUNCH.
I GET AN URGE TO PRAY, WHEN THEY HOLLER BOMBS AWAY,
I'D RATHER BE HOME WITH THE BUNCH.
FOR THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF
AND THAT'S WHEN THEY SHOOT YOUR BUTT OFF,
AND I'D RATHER GET HOME BUSTER
WITH MY BUTT THAN WITH A CLUSTER, - BUSTER
I WANTED WINGS, 'TIL I GOT THE GODDAM THINGS.
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANY MORE.

-12- THE LADY IN RED

'T WAS A COLD WINTERS EVENING,
THE GUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING
AND CHARLIE WAS CLOSING THE BAR.
WHEN HE TURNED 'ROUND AND SAID
TO THE LADY IN RED,
GET OUT! YOU CAN'T STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

SO - SHE - SHED A SAD TEAR
IN HER BUCKET OF BEER,
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEAD.
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER
STEPPED OUT OF THE PHONE BOOTH, (???)
AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID.

"HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER
THE THINGS A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW,
ABOUT THE WAYS OF AIR FORCE MEN
AND HOW THEY COME AND GO.
SHE'S LOST HER YOUTH AND BEAUTY
AND LIFE HAS DEALT HER A SCAR.
SO REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER AND SISTERS, BOYS,
AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR".

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS,
IT'S A GRAND BRANCH SO THEY SAY,
YOU DON'T DO ANY WORK AT ALL,
JUST FLY AROUND ALL DAY.
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD
AND SO GROW OLD AND BLIND,
YOU TAKE THE AIR WITH NE'ER A CARE
AND NEVER, NEVER MIND.

CHORUS

YOU'LL NEVER MIND - YOU'LL NEVER MIND
COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS,
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

(Continued on Next Page)

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

YOU TAKE HER UP AND SPIN HER
AND WITH AN AWFUL TEAR,
YOU FIND YOURSELF WITHOUT YOUR WINGS,
BUT YOU WILL NEVER CARE.
FOR IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES MORE
ANOTHER PLANE YOU'LL FIND,
DANCE WITH ST. PETE AND ANGELS SWEET,
AND NEVER, NEVER MIND.

REPEAT CHORUS

THEN WHEN YOU MEET A ZERO
AND HE SHOOTS YOU DOWN IN FLAMES,
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME COMPLAININ'
OR CALLING DIRTY NAMES.
JUST PUSH YOUR STICK INTO THE GROUND
AND PRETTY SOON YOU'LL FIND,
THERE AIN'T NO HELL AND ALL IS WELL,
AND NEVER, NEVER MIND.

REPEAT CHORUS

YOU'RE FLYING O'ER THE OCEAN
AND YOU HEAR YOUR ENGINE SPIT,
YOU SEE YOUR PROP COME TO A STOP,
YOUR DAMNED OLD ENGINES QUIT.
YOU CAN NOT SWIM - YOUR SHIP WON'T FLOAT,
THE SHORE IS FAR BEHIND.
OH WHAT A DISH FOR CRABS AND FISH,
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

REPEAT CHORUS

COME ON AND GET PROMOTED
JUST AS HIGH AS YOU DESIRE.
YOU'RE RIDING ON THE GRAVY TRAIN,
IF YOU'RE AN ARMY FLYER.
BUT JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE
A GENERAL YOU'LL FIND,
YOUR WINGS FALL OFF, YOUR SHIP FOLDS UP,
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

REPEAT CHORUS

THE AEROPLANE COMMANDER

(Tune - The Verse of "Rambling
Wreck From Georgia Tech")

IF YOU EVER SEE A GUY,
WITH LOTS OF AGE AND RANK,
WHO'S JUST ABOUT AS USEFUL
AS AN EMPTY BELLY TANK;
WHO HARDLY EVER FLYS AT ALL,
WHO'S QUIET AS A LAMB --
IT'S AN AEROPLANE COMMANDER
AND HE ISN'T WORTH A DAMN.

FOR UP IN WASHINGTON THEY FOUND
THE AIR CORPS HAD A LOT,
OF BROKEN DOWN OLD PILOTS
WHO WEREN'T VERY HOT;
SO THEY GAVE A FANCY RATING
TO EACH DECREPIT LOU;
THUS WE GOT COMMAND PILOTS,
YOU CAN SEE THEM ALL ABOUT.

WHEN HE GETS INSIDE A SHIP,
WE HELP HIM TO HIS SEAT.
WE TELL HIM TO BE CAREFUL
NOT TO GET BENEATH OUR FEET.
WE LET HIM HOLD THE MAPS WHEN HE
WOULD LIKE TO BEAR A HAND,
BUT AS AEROPLANE COMMANDER
HE CAN'T TAKE HER OFF OR LAND.

WHEN THE AUTOPILOT'S ON
AND EVERYTHING IS SWEET,
WE SOMETIMES LET HIM COME AND TAKE
THE YOUNG CO-PILOTS SEAT.
HE THINKS THE PLANE IS GUIDED BY
A PAIR OF LEATHER REINS,
FOR HE'S GOT THREE THOUSAND HOURS,- BUT,
HE AIN'T GOT NO BRAINS!

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THE AEROPLANE COMMANDER-(Cont,)

-15-

HE DOESN'T TAKE COMMAND AT ALL
HE'S ALWAYS FAST ASLEEP,
AND WHEN WE ASK FOR HIS ADVICE
HE DOESN'T GIVE A PEEP.
BUT WHEN WE ROLL HER IN A BALL
WITH LOTS OF NOISE AND FLAME,
IT'S THE AEROPLANE COMMANDER
WHO ALWAYS TAKES THE BLAME.

HE'S LOST WHAT FLYING SKILL HE'S HAD,
HE'S OLD AND BROKEN DOWN.
YOUNG PILOTS ALL FEEL SORRY FOR
THIS POOR ENFEEBLED CLOWN.
INSTEAD OF FEELING SORRY
THEY SHOULD ALL BE PRETTY GLUM.
THEY'LL BE AEROPLANE COMMANDERS TOO,
IN THE YEARS TO COME.

B-18 SONG

THE DIGBY'S A MIGHTY FINE AIRCRAFT
CONSTRUCTED OF RIVETS AND TIN.
IT HAS A TOP SPEED OF ONE-TWENTY
THE SHIP WITH THE BUILT IN HEADWIND.

THE DASHING YOUNG PILOT LAY DYING
BESIDE DIGBY'S WRECKAGE HE LAY.
THE CREW CHIEF AND GUNNERS CAME 'ROUND HIM
AND THESE ARE THE WORDS HE DID SAY.

"FROM THE SMALL OF MY BACK TAKE THE CRANKSHAFT,
THE CONNECTING ROD OUT OF MY BRAIN,
THE CYLINDER HEAD FROM MY KIDNEY,
AND ASSEMBLE PRATT WHITNEY AGAIN."

BYE BYE BLUES

BYE BYE BLUES
BYE BYE BLUES
BELLS RING, BIRDS SING.
SUN IS SHINING,
NO MORE PINING.
JUST WE TWO,
SMILING THROUGH,
DON'T SIGH, DON'T CRY,
BYE BYE BLUES.

SWEET SUE - JUST YOU

EVERY STAR ABOVE,
KNOWS THE ONE I LOVE,
SWEET SUE, JUST YOU.
AND THE MOON UP HIGH,
KNOWS THE REASON WHY,
SWEET SUE, JUST YOU.
NO ONE ELSE IT SEEMS
EVER SHARES MY DREAMS,
AND WITHOUT YOU DEAR,
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO.
IN THIS HEART OF MINE
YOU LIVE ALL THE TIME.
SWEET SUE, JUST YOU.

SWEET GEORGIA BROWN

NO GAL MADE HAS GOT A SHADE
ON SWEET GEORGIA BROWN.
TWO LEFT FEET - BUT OH SO NEAT
IS SWEET GEORGIA BROWN.
THEY ALL SIGH AND WANT TO DIE
FOR SWEET GEORGIA BROWN.
I'LL TELL YOU JUST WHY,
YOU KNOW I DON'T LIE - NOT MUCH.
IT'S BEEN SAID, SHE KNOCKS 'EM DEAD
WHEN SHE LANDS IN TOWN.
SINCE SHE CAME, WHY IT'S A SHAME
HOW SHE COOLS 'EM DOWN.
FELLERS SHE CAN'T GET,
ARE FELLERS SHE AIN'T MET.
GEORGIA NAMED HER,
GEORGIA CLAIMED HER
SWEET GEORGIA BROWN.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

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PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET
WITH THE BLUE RIBBON ON IT,
WHILE I HITCH OLD DOBBIN TO THE SHAY.
THROUGH THE FIELDS OF CLOVER
WE'LL DRIVE UP TO DOVER
ON OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BUSTLE
AND GET OUT AND HUSTLE,
FOR TOMORROW THE ROOM RENT IS DUE.
IN THE FIELDS OF CLOVER
ROLL YOUR FANNY OVER,
IF YOU CAN'T GET FIVE, TAKE TWO.

HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOUS

MADAMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES
PARLEY VOUS.
MADAMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES
PARLEY VOUS.
MADAMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES
SHE HADN'T BEEN KISSED IN FORTY YEARS
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOUS.

MADAMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES
PARLEY VOUS.
MADAMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES
PARLEY VOUS.
SHE GOT YHE PALM AND CROIX deGUERRE
FOR WASHING SOLDIERS UNDERWEAR
HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOUS.

FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE
FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE
BUT OH, WHAT THOSE FIVE FOOT COULD DO,
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GIRL?
TURNED UP NOSE, TURNED DOWN HOSE,
NEVER HAD NO OTHER BEAUS,
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GIRL?
NOW IF YOU RUN INTO A FIVE FOOT TWO,
COVERED WITH FURS,
DIAMOND RINGS AND ALL THOSE THINGS,
BETCHA' LIFE THEY AREN'T HERS,
BUT COULD SHE LOVE, COULD SHE WOO?
COULD SHE, COULD SHE, COULD SHE COO?
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GIRL?

AIN'T SHE SWEET

AIN'T SHE SWEET?
SEE HER COMING DOWN THE STREET.
NOW I ASK YOU VERY CONFIDENTIALLY
AIN'T SHE SWEET?
AIN'T SHE NICE?
LOOK HER OVER ONCE OR TWICE.
NOW I ASK YOU VERY CONFIDENTIALLY
AIN'T SHE NICE?
JUST CAST AN EYE IN HER DIRECTION
OH ME, --OH MY,
AIN'T THAT PERFECTION?
I REPEAT, --DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S KIND OF NEAT,
AND I ASK YOU VERY CONFIDENTIALLY
AIN'T SHE SWEET?

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP
A SWEET YELLOW TULIP,
AND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE.
WHEN YOU CARESSED ME,
T'WAS HEAVEN THAT BLESSED ME
WHAT A BLESSING NO ONE KNOWS.
YOU MADE LIFE CHEERIE
WHEN YOU CALLED ME DEARIE,
T'WAS DOWN WHERE THE BLUE GRASS GROWS.
YOUR LIPS WERE SWEETER THAN JULEP
WHEN YOU WORE THAT TULIP,
AND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE.

SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL

SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL,
SOMEBODY STOLE MY PAL,
SOMEBODY CAME AND TOOK HER AWAY,
SHE DIDN'T EVEN - SAY SHE WAS LEAVIN'.
THOSE KISSES I LOVED SO
HE'S GETTING NOW I KNOW.
AND GEE! - I KNOW THAT SHE
WOULD COME TO ME
IF SHE COULD SEE,
HER BROKEN-HEARTED LONESOME PAL.
SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE
MY ONLY SUNSHINE.
YOU MAKE ME HAPPY
WHEN SKIES ARE GRAY.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, DEAR,
HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU,
PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY SUNSHINE AWAY.

THE OTHER NIGHT DEAR,
AS I LAY SLEEPING,
I DREAM'T I HELD YOU
IN MY ARMS.
WHEN I AWOKE DEAR,
I WAS MISTAKEN,
AND I HUNG MY HEAD AND CRIED.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE
MY ONLY SUNSHINE.
YOU MAKE ME HAPPY
WHEN SKIES ARE GRAY.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, DEAR,
HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU,
PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY SUNSHINE AWAY,

CAROLINA MOON

CAROLINA MOON KEEP SHINING,
SHINING ON THE ONE WHO WAITS FOR ME.
CAROLINA MOON I'M PINING,
PINING FOR THE PLACE I LONG TO BE.
HOW I'M HOPING TONIGHT, YOU'LL GO,
GO TO THE RIGHT - WINDOW,
SCATTER YOUR LIGHT
SAY I'M ALRIGHT, PLEASE DO.
TELL HER THAT I'M BLUE AND LONELY,
DREAMY CAROLINA MOON.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

-21-

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME,
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD.
BUY ME SOME PEANUTS AND CRACK-ER-JACKS,
I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GET BACK.
LET ME ROOT, ROOT, ROOT
FOR THE HOME TEAM.
IF THEY DON'T WIN IT'S A SHAME.
FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE STRIKES YOU'RE OUT,
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

YOU'RE NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW,
THEY DONT BABY YOU SOMEHOW.
FANCY HOSE, SILKEN GOWN,
YOU'D BE OUT OF PLACE
IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN.
WHEN YOU WALK DOWN THE AVENUE,
I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT'S YOU.
PAINTED LIPS, PAINTED EYES,
WEARING A BIRD OF PARADISE.
IT ALL SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW,
THAT YOU'RE NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

CASEY WOULD WALTZ WITH
THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.
HE'D GLIDE 'CROSS THE FLOOR
WITH THE GIRL HE ADORED
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.
HIS BRAIN WAS SO LOADED
IT NEARLY EXPLODED,
THE POOR GIRL WOULD
SHAKE WITH ALARM.
HE'D NE'ER LEAVE THE GIRL
WITH THE STRAWBERRY CURLS
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

OH! YOU BEAU-TI-FUL DOLL
YOU GREAT BIG BEAU-TI-FUL DOLL.
LET ME PUT MY ARMS A-BOUT YOU
I COULD NEVER LIVE WITHOUT YOU.
OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL,
YOU GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL!
IF YOU EVER LEAVE ME
HOW MY HEART WILL ACHE.
I WANT TO HUG YOU
BUT I FEAR YOU'D BREAK.
OH! OH! OH! OH!
OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL.

I DON'T KNOW WHY

I DON'T KNOW WHY
I LOVE YOU LIKE I DO,
I DON'T KNOW WHY - I JUST DO.
I DON'T KNOW WHY
YOU THRILL ME LIKE YOU DO,
I DON'T KNOW WHY - YOU JUST DO.
YOU NEVER SEEM TO WANT MY ROMANCING.
THE ONLY TIME YOU HOLD ME
IS WHEN WE'RE DANCING.
I DON'T KNOW WHY
I LOVE YOU LIKE I DO,
I DON'T KNOW WHY, I JUST DO.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE,
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS.
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERYWHERE
BUT NONE CAN COMPARE
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE,
THE DEAREST FLOWER THAT GROWS,
AND SOMEDAY FOR MY SAKE,
SHE MAY LET ME TAKE
THE BLOOM FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

WE WERE SAILING ALONG
ON MOONLIGHT BAY,
WE COULD HEAR THE VOICES RINGING
THEY SEEMED TO SAY.
"YOU HAVE STOLEN MY HEART,
NOW DON'T GO 'WAY".
AS WE SANG LOVES OLD SWEET SONG,
ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

JUST BECAUSE

JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'RE SO PRETTY,
JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'RE SO HOT,
JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING (Men's Version)
THAT NOBODY ELSE HAS GOT.
YOU RUN AROUND AND SPEND ALL MY MONEY,
LAUGH AND CALL ME OLD SANTA CLAUS.
BUT I'M TELLING YOU,
BABY, I'M THROUGH WITH YOU,
BECAUSE, JUST BECAUSE.

JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOOD LOOKING,
JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART.
JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING (Ladies Version)
THAT NOBODY ELSE HAS GOT.
YOU GO OUT ALONE AND SPEND MY MONEY,
COME BACK AND CALL ME "OLD SWEETIE PIE".
BUT I'M TELLING YOU,
BABY, I'M THROUGH WITH YOU,
BECAUSE, JUST BECAUSE.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
SURE IT'S LIKE A MORN IN SPRING.
IN THE LILT OF IRISH LAUGHTER
YOU CAN HEAR THE ANGELS SING.
WHEN IRISH HEARTS ARE HAPPY.
ALL THE WORLD SEEMS BRIGHT AND GAY,
AND WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING,
SURE THEY STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY.

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YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY

YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY,
NO SIR, I DONT MEAN MAYBE,
YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY NOW.
YES MA'AM, WE'VE DECIDED,
NO MA'AM, WE WON'T HIDE IT,
YES MA'AM, YOU'RE INVITED NOW.
BY THE WAY, BY THE WAY,
WHEN WE REACH THE PREACHER I'LL SAY,
YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY,
NO SIR, I DON'T MEAN MAYBE,
YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY NOW.

K-K-K-KATY

K-K-K-KATY, BEAUTIFUL KATY,
YOU'RE THE ONLY G-G-G-GIRL THAT I ADORE.
WHEN THE M-M-MOON SHINES, OVER THE COW SHED,
I'LL BE WAITING AT THE K-K-K-KITCHEN DOOR.

BEER BARREL POLKA

ROLL OUT THE BARREL,
WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN.
ROLL OUT THE BARREL,
WE'VE GOT THE BLUES ON YHE RUN.
ZING - BOOM - TA-RAR-REL,
RING OUT A SONG OF GOOD CHEER.
NOW'S THE TIME TO ROLL THE BARREL,
FOR THE GANG'S ALL HERE.

AFTER THE BALL

AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER,
MARY TOOK OUT HER GLASS EYE,
PUT HE CORK LEG IN THE CORNER,
HUNG HER FALSE HAIR OUT TO DRY,
PUT HER FALSE TEETH IN A TUMBLER,
HUNG HER WAX EAR ON THE WALL.
NOT MUCH WAS LEFT OF MY MARY,
AFTER THE BALL.

HE WEARS A PAIR OF SILVER WINGS

ALTHOUGH SOME PEOPLE SAY
HE'S JUST A CRAZY GUY,
TO HER HE MEANS A MILLION OTHER THINGS.
FOR HE'S THE ONE WHO TAUGHT
THAT HAPPY HEART OF HER'S TO FLY,
HE WEARS A PAIR OF SILVER WINGS.

AND THOUGH IT'S PRETTY TOUGH,
THE JOB HE DOES ABOVE,
SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HIM
CHANGE IT FOR A KING'S.
AN ORDINARY FELLOW
IN THE UNIFORM SHE LOVES,
HE WEARS A PAIR OF SILVER WINGS.

SHE'S SO FULL OF PRIDE WHEN THEY GO WALKING,
EVERY TIME HE'S HOME ON LEAVE.
HE WITH THOSE WINGS ON HIS TUNIC,
AND SHE WITH HER HEART ON HER SLEEVE

BUT WHEN SHE IS LEFT ALONE
AND THEY ARE FAR APART,
SHE SOMETIMES WONDERS WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS,
FOR SHE ADORES THAT CRAZY GUY
WHO TAUGHT HER HAPPY HEART,
TO WEAR A PAIR OF SILVER WINGS.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

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THE BELLS ARE RINGING
FOR ME AND MY GAL.
THE BIRDS ARE SINGING
FOR ME AND MY GAL,
EVERYBODY'S BEEN KNOWING
TO A WEDDING THEY'RE GOING,
AND FOR WEEKS THEY'VE BEEN SEWING,
EVERY SUSIE AND SAL.
THEY'RE CONGREGATING
FOR ME AND MY GAL.
THE PARSON'S WAITING
FOR ME AND MY GAL.
AND SOMEDAY I'LL BUILD
A LITTLE HOME FOR TWO,
OR THREE OR FOUR OR MORE,
IN LOVELAND, FOR ME AND MY GAL.

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT
WHEN THE WIND IS FREE,
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF,
YOU BELONG TO ME.
EAT AN APPLE EV'RY DAY,
GET TO BED BY THREE.
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF,
YOU BELONG TO ME.
BE CAREFUL CROSSING STREETS OOH-O!
DON'T EAT MEATS OOH-O!
CUT OUT SWEETS OOH-O!
YOU'LL GET A PAIN
AND RUIN YOUR TUM-TUM.
KEEP AWAY FROM BOOT-LEG HOOTCH
WHEN YOU'RE ON A SPREE,
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF
YOU BELONG TO ME.

DARK TOWN STRUTTERS BALL

I'LL BE DOWN TO GET YOU
IN A TAXI, HONEY.
BETTER BE READY ABOUT
HALF PAST EIGHT.
NOW DEARIE, DON'T BE LATE,
I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN THE BAND STARTS PLAYING.
REMEMBER WHEN WE GET THERE HONEY,
TWO STEPS I'M GOIN' TO HAVE THEM ALL.
GOIN' TO DANCE OUT BOTH MY SHOES,
WHEN THEY PLAY THOSE "JELLY ROLL BLUES",
TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE DARK TOWN STRUTTERS BALL.

MARGIE

MY LITTLE MARGIE,
I'M ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU, MARGIE
I'LL TELL THE WORLD I LOVE YOU
DON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE TO ME,
I HAVE BOUGHT A HOME AND RING
AND EVERYTHING, FOR MARGIE
YOU ARE MY INSPIRATION,
DAYS ARE NEVER BLUE.
AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE,
THERE IS REALLY ONLY ONE,
OH MARGIE, MARGIE IT'S YOU.

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE

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I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY.
THAT'S THE ONLY THING
I'VE PLENTY OF, BABY.
DREAM AWHILE, SCHEME AWHILE,
WE'RE SURE TO FIND,
HAPPINESS AND I GUESS,
ALL THOSE THINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS PINED FOR.
GEE, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOKING SWELL, BABY,
DIAMOND BRACELETS, WOOLWORTH
DOESN'T SELL, BABY.
'TIL THAT LUCKY DAY
YOU KNOW DARNED WELL, BABY,
I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE.

PAPER DOLL

I'M GONNA BUY A PAPER DOLL
THAT I CAN CALL MY OWN.
A DOLL THAT OTHER FELLOWS CANNOT STEAL.
AND THEN THE FLIRTY, FLIRTY GUYS
WITH THEIR FLIRTY, FLIRTY EYES,
WILL HAVE TO FLIRT WITH DOLLIES
THAT ARE REAL.
WHEN I COME HOME AT NIGHT
SHE WILL BE WAITING,
SHE'LL BE THE TRUEST DOLL
IN ALL THIS WORLD.
I'D RATHER HAVE A PAPER DOLL
TO CALL MY OWN,
THAN HAVE A FICKLE MINDED
REAL LIVE GIRL.

IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE

BE SURE IT'S TRUE
WHEN YOU SAY, I LOVE YOU.
IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE.
MILLIONS OF HEARTS HAVE BEEN BROKEN
JUST BECAUSE THOSE WORDS WERE SPOKEN.
I LOVE YOU, YES I DO, I LOVE YOU
THOUGH IT BREAKS MY HEART IN TWO.
SO BE SURE IT'S TRUE
WHEN YOU SAY I LOVE YOU,
IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE.

WHO'S SORRY NOW

WHO'S SORRY NOW?
WHO'S SORRY NOW?
WHO'S HEART IS ACHING
FOR BREAKING EACH VOW?
WHO'S SAD AND BLUE?
WHO'S CRYING TOO?
JUST LIKE I CRIED OVER YOU.
RIGHT TO THE END
JUST LIKE A FRIEND,
I TRIED TO WARN YOU SOMEHOW.
YOU HAD YOUR WAY,
NOW YOU MUST PAY,
I'M GLAD THAT YOU'RE SORRY NOW.

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE, LIKE I KNOW SUSIE,
OH, OH, OH WHAT A GIRL!
THERE'S NONE SO CLASSY
AS THIS FAIR LASSIE,
OH, OH, HOLY MOSES WHAT A CHASSIS!
WE WENT RIDING, SHE DIDN'T BALK,
BACK FROM YONKERS,
I'M THE ONE THAT HAD TO WALK.
IF YOU KNEW SUSIE, LIKE I KNOW SUSIE,
OH, OH WHAT A GIRL.

FORTY-A
(Tune-S
(Words

FORTY-A
WE'RE H
SEND IN

WE'RE A
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I THOUG
SORRY -
BUT WHE
DON'T B

FORTY-A
GAINING
WE'RE A
WELL --

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

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SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
UP IN THE SKY, I AIN'T HAD NO LOVIN'
SINCE JANUARY, FEBRUARY, JUNE, OR JULY.
SNOWTIME AIN'T NO TIME
TO STAY OUTDOORS AND SPOON.
SO, SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
FOR ME AND MY GIRL.

FORTY-A IS HERE (A Word For The Wives)
(Tune-Send In The Clowns)
(Words by Frank Schirmer)

FORTY-A'S HERE - DON'T WE HAVE FLAIR?
WE'RE HERE AT LAST ON THE GROUND, 'STEAD OF MIDAIR.
SEND IN THE CLOWNS.

WE'RE ALL RETIRED. HOPE YOU APPROVE.
SO USED TO FLYING AROUND; NOW WE CAN'T MOVE.
WHERE ARE THE CLOWNS? SEND IN THE CLOWNS.

JUST WHEN I'D STOPPED - FLYING ON TOURS,
FINALLY KNOWING THE ONE THAT I WANTED WAS YOURS.
MAKING MY ENTRANCE AGAIN - WITH MY USUAL FLAIR,
SURE OF MYSELF - WAY UP IN THE AIR.

LOVE THE AIR FORCE. MY FAULT I FEAR,
I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT WHAT I WANT,
SORRY - MY DEAR!
BUT WHERE ARE THE CLOWNS? SEND IN THE CLOWNS.
DON'T BOTHER, WE'RE HERE.

FORTY-A'S HERE, BE OF GOOD CHEER,
GAINING OUR FRIENDSHIPS THIS LATE IN OUR CAREER.
WE'RE ALL LIKE CLOWNS - WE OUGHT TO BE CLOWNS,
WELL --- MAYBE NEXT YEAR.

FORTY-A IS THE WAY

(Tune-Ting a Ling a Ling Ling)
(Words by D.Hassemer and W.Jones)

NINE CIVILIAN PRIMARY SCHOOLS	- WE TOLD YOU SO
BT-NINES AT RANDOLPH FIELD	- WE TOLD YOU SO
GOT OUR WINGS AT KELLY FIELD	- WE TOLD YOU SO
FORTY-A WAS ON IT'S WAY	- WE TOLD YOU SO

JACKSON WAS FOR SOME OF US	- WE TOLD YOU SO
BENNING'S DUST WAS REALLY ROUGH	- WE TOLD YOU SO
MC CLELLAN WORE US TO A NUB	- WE TOLD YOU SO
FORTY-A NOW LED THE WAY	- WE TOLD YOU SO

CARRIED THE BANNER 'ROUND THE WORLD-	WE TOLD YOU SO
SOME GAVE THEIR LIVES ON THE WAY	- WE TOLD YOU SO
NOW WE'RE HERE TO SING AND SAY	- WE TOLD YOU SO
<u>FORTY-A IS THE WAY</u>	- WE TOLD YOU SO

THE CLASS OF FORTY-A

(Tune-Throw a Nickel on the Drum)
(Words by Wilson T. Jones - 40A)

WE CAME FROM EV'RY U.S. STATE
MID "NINETEEN THIRTY NINE".
THREE HUNDRED NINETY NINE OF US
TO TAKE UP AIR CORPS FLY'N.
AT NINE CIVILIAN FLYING SCHOOLS
THE WASHOUT RATE WAS HIGH.
FOR THOSE OF US THAT MADE IT THROUGH
OUR LIMIT WAS THE SKY.

CHORUS

SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
WE'RE THE CLASS OF FORTY-A
THOUGH OUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO GRAY.
SING HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH
FORTY-A HAS LEFT IT'S MARK ON HISTORY.

(Continued on Next Page)

THE CLASS OF FORTY-A(Cont.)

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WE WERE THE FIRST EXPANDED CLASS,
A FACT WE ALL DID HAIL,
BECAUSE THE CLASS BEFORE US,
WITH OURS DID NOT DOVETAIL.
SO IF WE'RE SOMEWHAT MAV-ER-ICK
COMPARED TO OTHER GROUPS,
IT COULD BE 'CAUSE NO UPPER CLASS
SHOOK US IN OUR BOOTS.

THEN ON TO BASIC TRAINING,
TO FLY IN BT-NINES,
AT RANDOLPH FIELD IN SAN ANTOINE,
WE TAXIED THE FLIGHT LINES.
WE WALKED THE RAMP TO LUPER'S BEAT
AND TO HANK AMENS TOO,
WE TOOK OUR "GIGS", HUNG IN THERE TOUGH,
AND TOOK OFF IN THE BLUE.

THEN ON TO KELLY FOR ADVANCED,
IN BC-ONES WE FLEW.
TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY OF US
GOT WINGS WHEN MARCH WINDS BLEW.
FROM A. ADAMS TO "PEE WEE" ZINS,
THE GLORIOUS FORTY-A,
JOINED THE RANKS OF AIR CORPS GROUPS
WORLDWIDE AND DREW FLIGHT PAY.

SING CHORUS

IN EVERY THEATER WE FLEW
THE PLANES OF WORLD WAR TWO,
FROM PEARL HARBOR TO BERLIN
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE GREW.
THE CROSS WAS WON BY THOMPSON, SMITH,
MC CALLUM, THOMAS, COLLINS,
LEVERETTE, MAHONEY, CHURCH.
BRAV'RY WAS THEIR CALLIN'.

(Continued on Next Page)

THE CLASS OF FORTY-A(Cont.)

AN AIR FORCE BASE WAS NAMED FOR DOW,
FOR ROYALL, POSTAL STATIONS.
A ROAD TOOK ON BURHANNA'S NAME.
FIVE ACES BLESSED OUR NATION,
HEDMAN, LEVERETTE, AND THYNG,
(THYNG WAS A DOUBLE ACE)
MAHONEY, BECHTEL EACH DOWNED FIVE.
FOUR AND FORTY DOWNS TOOK PLACE.

THE STARS CAME OUT IN FORTY-A
OF THEM WE BRAG A LOT.
ONE STAR: WALLACE, THYNG, BRIGGS, FROST,
HAMRICK, THOMPSON, SCOTT.
TWO STARS: MC CUTCHEON, SANDS, TWO BROWNS,
CAMPBELL, GIBBONS - SIX IN ALL,
THREE STARS: MC GEHEE, LE BAILEY,
FOUR STARS: ESTES, BURCHINAL.
SING CHORUS

"INCREDIBLE" A WORD THAT BEST
DESCRIBES CLASS FORTY-A.
INDOMINATABLE FLYING MEN
WHO FOUGHT TO SAVE OUR WAY.
OUR "E'SPRIT DE CORPS" IS ALWAYS SUCH
IT LEADS TO VICTORY.
HERE'S TO WHAT EACH OF US DID
TO GUARD OUR LIBERTY
SING CHORUS

NOW EVERYONE IN FORTY-A
DESERVES SO MANY LINES,
THEIR SAGAS, CATERPILLAR TALES
FILL VOLUMES OF GRAPEVINES.
A DIGEST VERSION CAN BE FOUND,
FRANK SCHIRMER WROTE IT DOWN.
FOR NOW LET'S TOAST EACH OTHERS FAME
AND HAVE ANOTHER ROUND.

(Thank You Wills Jones)

FORTY-A HOO-RAY

(Words and Music by Wilson T Jones 40-A)

-35-

WE'VE GOT LOTS OF PA-ZAZZ,
LOTS OF RAZ-A-MA-TAZ,
WE ARE LOADED WITH BRASS,
'CAUSE OUR THINKING HAS CLASS.
WE'RE FOR HAVING A BASH
TO HELP HOLD FRIENDSHIPS FAST.
COULD IT BE 'CAUSE WE'VE NO UPPER,
BE 'CAUSE WE'VE NO UPPER,
BE 'CAUSE WE'VE NO UPPER CLASS?
(OFF WE GO - FORTY-A)

CHORUS

FORTY-A, FORTY-A, FORTY-A IT'S HOORAY
YOU'RE FORTY FIVE YEARS OLDER TODAY.
THOUGH YOUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO GRAY
AND YOU'VE LOST YOUR FLIGHT PAY,
YOU ARE STILL STYLED IN GUNG-HO ARRAY.
(FORTY-A HOO-RAY)

AT THE GIRLS OUR EYES CAST,
MARRIED MODELS ENMASS.
WE'VE A HISTORY AT LAST
TO REMEMBER OUR PAST.
LOVE FOR COUNTRY HAS DASH,
AND OUR LOYALTY'S VAST.
COULD IT BE 'CAUSE WE'VE NO UPPER,
BE 'CAUSE WE'VE NO UPPER,
BE 'CAUSE WE'VE NO UPPER CLASS?
(OFF WE GO - FORTY-A)

THE AIR FORCE SONG

OFF WE GO, INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER,
CLIMBING HIGH INTO THE SUN.
HERE THEY COME, ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER,
AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE 'ER THE GUN.
DOWN WE DIVE, SPOUTING OUR FLAME FROM UNDER,
OFF WITH ONE HELLUVA ROAR.
WE LIVE IN FAME OR GO DOWN IN FLAME,
BOY!- NOTHING CAN STOP THE U.S.AIR FORCE.

INTERLUDE

HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST,
OF THOSE WHO LOVE THE VASTNESS OF THE SKY.
TO A FRIEND, WE WILL SEND
A MESSAGE OF HIS BROTHER MEN WHO FLY,
WE DRINK TO THOSE, WHO GAVE THEIR ALL OF OLD,
THEN DOWN WE ROAR,
TO SCORE THE RAINBOWS POT OF GOLD.
A TOAST, TO THE HOST
OF MEN WE BOAST, THE U.S.AIR FORCE.

OFF WE GO, INTO THE WILD SKY YONDER,
KEEP YOUR WINGS LEVEL AND TRUE.
IF YOU'D LIVE TO BE A GRAY HAired WONDER,
KEEP THE NOSE OUT OF THE BLUE.
FLYING MEN, GUARDING THE NATION'S BORDER,
WE'LL BE THERE, FOLLOWED BY MORE!
IN ECHELON, WE CARRY ON,
BOY!- NOTHING WILL STOP THE U.S.AIR FORCE

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